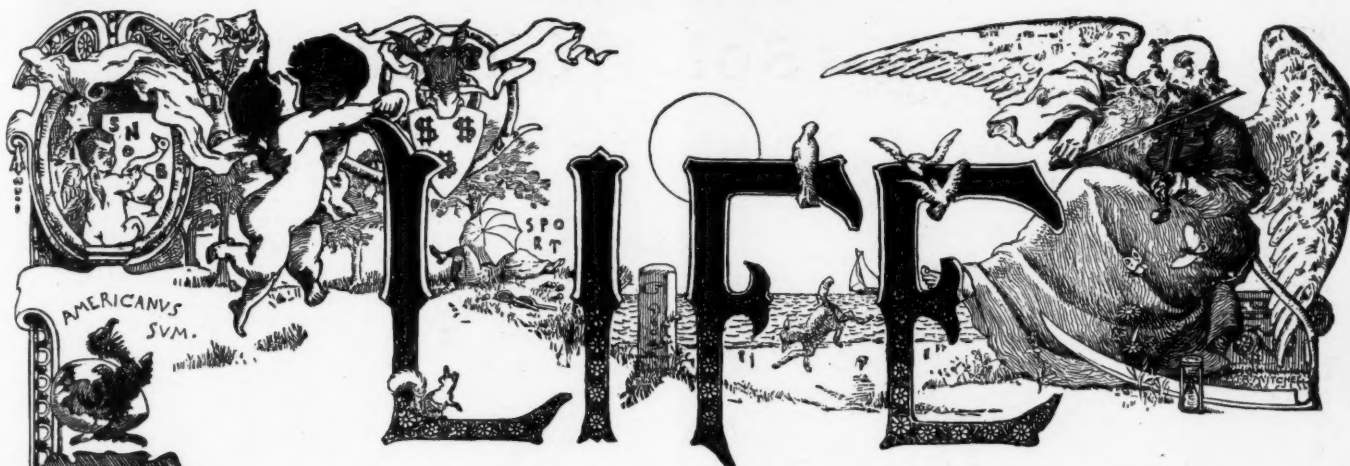


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PRECISELY.

"GRANDPA, WHAT DOES 'D. F.' MEAN?"

"NOWADAYS, MY BOY, IT MEANS A YOUNG MAN WHO IS QUITE 'SMART.'"

· LIFE ·



GOELET SCHOONER PRIZE, 1894.  
WON BY "EMERALD."

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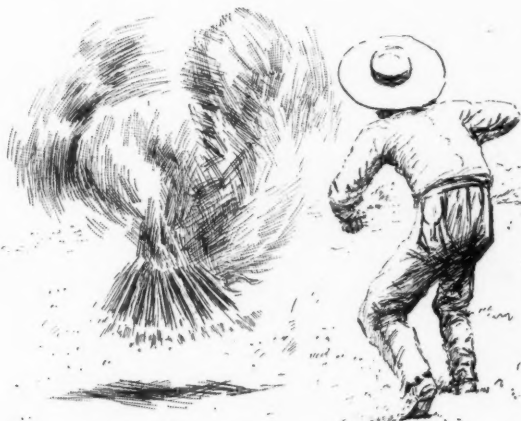
West 23d St

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.

THE ENTIRE BLOCK,



"ALL YER GOT TER DO IS TER KEEP YER NERVE UP."



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.  
1809—1894.

THOUGH empty is the laurel'd throne  
Where long on earth he sat,  
He reigns in some far spirit zone  
A kindly Autocrat!

#### INTERRUPTED BLISS.

PENELOPE: Dickey, did you propose to her?

DICKEY (*solemnly*): O, yaas.

PENELOPE (*sighing*): Well, I lose a pound of candy—but how did it happen?

DICKEY: Well, I took her out driving, y'know.

PENELOPE (*critically*): Not a convenient arrangement.

DICKEY: No, y'know—but the best I could do—my mind wouldn't work very well yesterday.

PENELOPE: That's not surprising.

DICKEY: Well, I took my new mare Angostura B., 2:16, just bought her—didn't know anything about her—didn't want to know anything about anyone except Nellie. O, Nellie—Nellie was sweeter than cambric tea. Got out into the suburbs, drove with one hand—got out of the suburbs, put my arm on the back of her seat. She didn't faint, but I came near it. Recovered myself by a tremendous effort of my will—first time I ever used it. Got out into the country, made a heroic effort—proposed and was accepted. Fainted, sure, this time. When I came to I had both my arms around her waist, head on her shoulder, and a pin sticking into my ear. Lines were around whip and Angostura B. was doing 2:14. She said (Nellie I mean), "O, Dickey, you fainted." I said, "If I was fainting, let me faint again."

PENELOPE: So you are going to marry her after all.

DICKEY: No. Just after I had fainted again, Angostura B. ran into the Empire State express or vice versa. Nellie is not as pretty as she was, so it is declared off.

PENELOPE: And you were not killed?

DICKEY: Not exactly. I ought to have been. The doctors said I would have had concussion of the brain—if I had had any brain. I'm awfully sorry because I can't collect my life insurance, don't you know. But I proposed to her anyhow.

Tom Hall.

#### PRECISE.

"I NEVER heard such a girl for preaching punctuality," said Maude.

"It's a positive mania with her," replied Mamie. "Yesterday she had the clocks taken out of her stockings because some one told her they were fast."



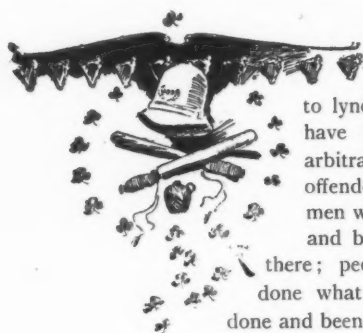
"GUESS I MUST HAVE LOST MY NERVE."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. OCTOBER 18, 1894. No. 616.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



FOLKS in the South who have been criticised for their propensity to lynch negroes; Russians who have been censured for their arbitrary behavior toward political offenders; Germans and Englishmen who have penetrated Africa and been unkind to the nations there; people anywhere who have done what they ought not to have done and been sharply rated for it by the New York newspapers, are invited to read those same papers nowadays and see what very evil deeds have been done day in and day out for years past under the very noses of these vociferous denunciators of evil-doing. Such readers are entitled to all the solace they can get from the knowledge that they have had no monopoly of bad behavior, and that the press of New York, at least, has not been impelled to rebuke them for lack of fit objects for censure at home. But especially is it desirable that the New Yorkers themselves should read their own newspapers and learn from Mr. Goff's witnesses how very vile and venal and brutal some departments of the government of their town have become, and what abominable tyrannies bad men who are usually the base tools of worse men in higher places have exercised and still do exercise over the unfortunates who fall into their hands. The stories Mr. Goff's witnesses tell are painful, but they are stirring. LIFE will be disappointed if they do not prove stirring enough to produce a moral earthquake which shall shake Tammany down.

To beat Tammany in the coming election is the most important political job at present before any community of Americans. New York can never rest comfortably again until she has attended to it.

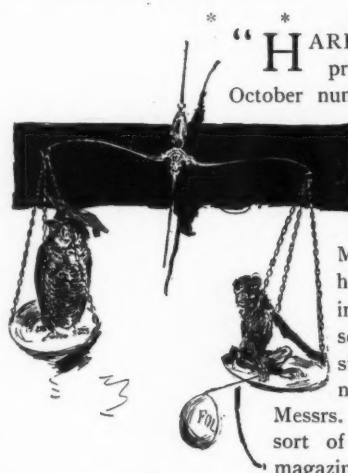
CHINA'S experience is an edifying example of the folly of not keeping up with the times. Apparently she is close on to one of the jolliest political smashes that the century has seen. China would not see, would not hear,

would not realize. She has been obstinately and imperiously pig-headed. Perhaps when Japan gets through drubbing her she will be willing to learn; willing, that is, if there is enough of her left to take any voluntary action. The business of being wilfully obtuse is easy and even agreeable while it lasts, but it is very hard to make a permanent job of it.



SENATOR HILL, in the rôle of a Slave of Duty at the head of the Democratic State ticket is an affecting spectacle. In recognition of the Senator's persistent hard work and abstemious habits, Destiny seems at last to have put him in a place where whatever happens he will get ahead. If he is beaten for Governor, he will have obliged his party, and will still have his Senatorship to fall back on. If he wins, he will have triumphed over momentous difficulties and earned a big reward.

How very, very easy it would seem to be to make Hill President, if only he were not Hill. But, alas, he *is* Hill, and has been for thirty years past. Poor, dear man. Destiny is fooling with him. When she finally lifts him it will not be with her hand but with her foot.



"HARPER'S MONTHLY" prints at the end of its October number a rather contrite apology to Mr. John McNeil Whistler for publishing in a serial story certain allusions and a picture in which Mr. Whistler claims to have discovered things injurious to his delicate sensibilities. It was possibly judicious for business reasons for the Messrs. Harper to make this sort of sacrifice, since their magazine circulates in divers

foreign countries, the libel laws of some of which give troublesome people opportunities to make much mischief. Moreover, Whistler, by making a great noise over his supposed grievance, has promoted the sale of the story in which he claimed to figure, and has perhaps earned some consideration from its publishers. But so far as he himself is concerned it is matter for regret that any apology should have been made to him. He is a professional snag, who enjoys being run against, and glories in a grievance. If Mr. Du Maurier put him into "Trilby," he did him too much honor, and if he wanted to get out it would have fitted his deserts much better to be kicked surely and sternly down the back stairs, than to be shown out with such politeness at the front door.





"WERE THERE ANY OBJECTS OF INTEREST WHERE YOU SPENT THE SUMMER?"  
 "NO, NOTHING BUT GIRLS."

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

"WELL, sir, what can I do for you?" said the editor of the *Wahoo Paralyzer*, as he looked up from his desk and saw a large man with saffron colored whiskers standing in front of him.

"You are the editor, are you?"

"Yes."

"I was reading last week's issue of the *Paralyzer* and I was much struck by one of your able editorials. You write the editorials, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, deeply gratified, for it was not often that citizens came in to commend the editorials. "What was the subject of the article which struck you so favorably, may I ask?"

"It was about the gold question."

"O, yes. I remember now. That editorial involved a great deal of research, sir, but I never spare any pains or begrudge the time thoroughly to investigate an important subject."

"You dealt with the gold supply, and I think you used an expression something like this: 'We have now \$287,400,000 in gold coin.' I think I have quoted the amount just as you had it?"

"You have, sir. My authority for the statement was the very best obtainable, sir."

"No doubt, no doubt. I did not come to dispute your statement, but to take advantage of it, sir."

"In what way?"

"Well, I'm the new collector for Mr. Chops, the butcher, and it struck me that while you had so much gold on hand you might be willing to settle a little bill of \$4.68 which has been running two or three months."

The editor silently counted out the money and took a receipt.

*William Henry Siviter.*

## BOOKISHNESS

### A BIG CANVAS FOR A BIG WRITER.

A GREAT deal is saying in England against the three-volume novel as a work of art, as well as against its commercial qualities; and yet it has been responsible for a number of masterpieces in English fiction that would have surely failed of force and intellectual breadth if compressed into a single volume. It has no doubt produced great wastes of stupidity and dullness, but when you really come across a big fertile genius he needs three volumes to show his pace in. You can't exhibit the qualities of an ocean "liner" on a frog pond. There is a lot of satisfaction in reading a novel that is long enough leisurely to introduce you to a whole community, as well as to a pair of lovers. The intellectual "sprinting" that we call short stories and novellettes is good enough for mere cleverness. But it is boys' work after all, and is apt to stop growth of power and fancy.

When Hall Caine wrote "The Manxman," (Appleton) he had the advantage of a big canvas, and strength and force enough to fill it. The artistic effect of such a book is cumulative. The author can show his versatility without jarring your nerves by sudden changes of style and motive. The finest achievement in "The Manxman" is the creation of a lot of minor characters and incidents, which, though distinct in themselves, are inextricably woven into the great catastrophe. A small writer or a small volume would have deprived us of these. The detail of Manxland is as carefully woven into this story as Miss Wilkins's New England characteristics into her tales. It is applying the methods of modern realism to the creation of a romance.

THE book to which "The Manxman" has several times been compared is "The Scarlet Letter"—because of a certain correspondence, with a contrast, in the motive. But it seems to me that there is far more reason to compare it artistically with "Adam Bede"—particularly as to the two women who sin—*Kate* and *Hetty*. There is a verity about these women—their rude beauty, their intensity, and their infatuations—that adds immensely to the attractions of a book which is, we admit, often a bit repulsive in its remorseless pictures of human ignorance and weakness.

But the best exhibition of the author's skill is in the development of the characters of *Philip* and *Pete*—a wonderful bit of psychology which is pursued to its last analysis.

In spite of all this, a sensitive reader will feel that the novel has failed a little of the highest artistic effect. And he will trace the weak spot to the persistent effort to create scenes which are *theatrically* effective. The writer is always conscious of the stage-setting, the distribution of characters, and, as it were, the lime-light effects. Admirable



### AN APPEAL.

"MAUD PERCY SIDNEY, LISTEN TO ME. ME AN' MY CHILD IS DESOLATE SINCE YOU HAVE TOOK FROM US OUR PURTECTOR AN' SURPORT. IF MY WORDS CANNOT MOVE YOU, LET THE WASTED FORM OF THIS POOR CHILD MELT YOUR HEART, IF IT BE NOT MADE OF ADAMANK OR CASK IRON."

as *Pete* is in conception and development, you are persistently aware of his wonderful advantages as a part for a romantic actor of big voice and handsome presence. You can see Wilson Barrett in the part, making his exits and entrances with a blustering dash that fills the stage.

That sort of talent always commands a good audience, but it is not the best audience. Hugo and Dickens and Dumas pleased both the literary and dramatic audiences—but they are exceptions. You don't want to dramatize the novels of George Meredith or Thackeray. The foot-lights would kill the delicate fancy, the flights of imagination, the fascinating style that is the immortal part of them.

*Droch.*

### NEW BOOKS.

*SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA.* By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Boston: Copeland and Day. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

*Little Journeys Abroad.* By Mary Bowers Warren. Boston: Joseph Knight Company.

*Poems, New and Old.* By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

### EASILY EXPLAINED.

JONES: I wonder why poets wear their hair long.

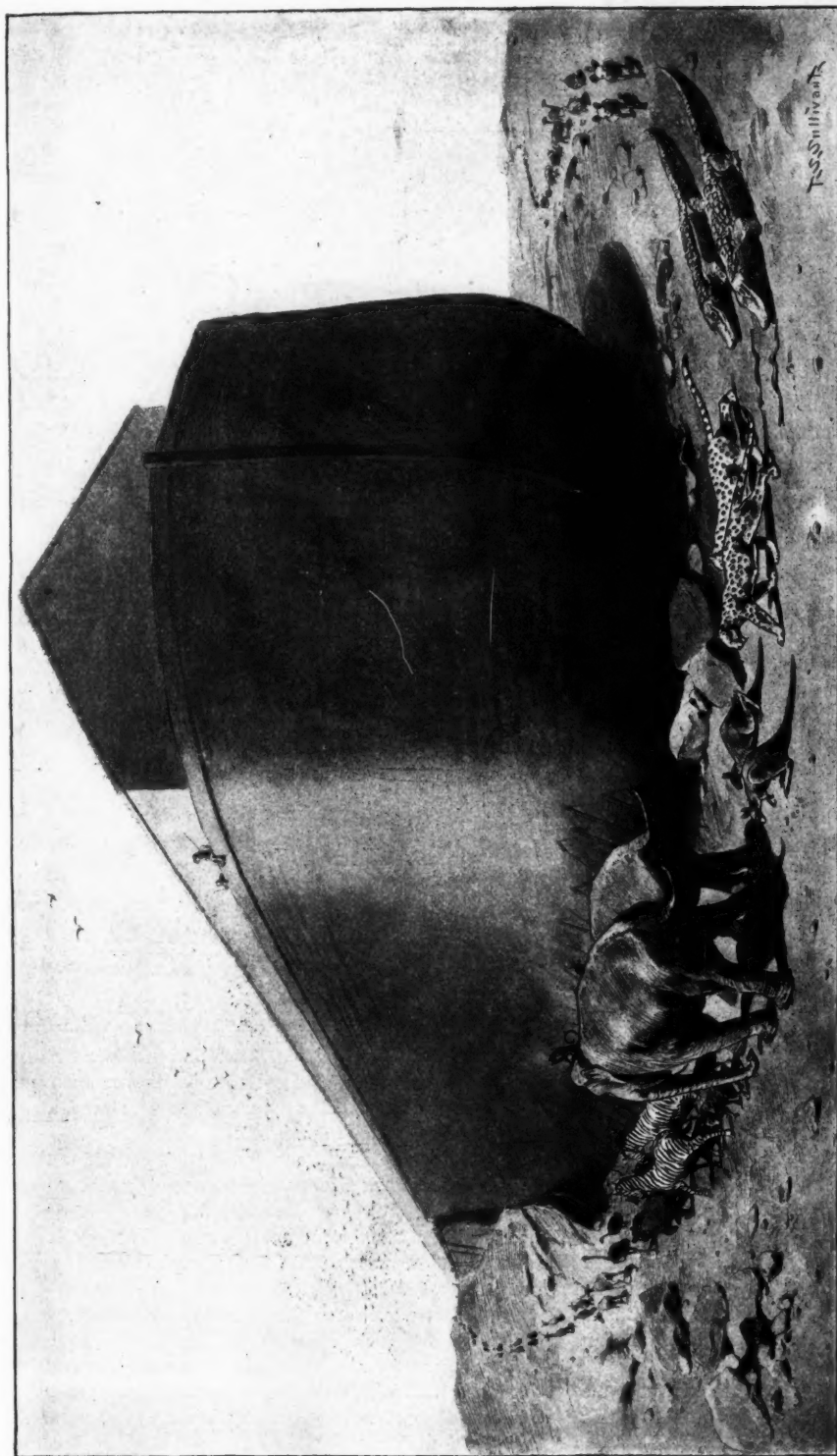
BROWN: Didn't you ever have your hair cut?

"Yes, of course. What's that got to do with it?"

"Lots. Didn't you have to pay for it?"

A YOUNG man with an elegant jag hiccups to a policeman that he wants to get a cab to take him to his hotel, and asks directions to nearest cab-stand.

"First street to the right. You'll see two cabs standing there. Take the first one—the other won't be there."



THE FIRST EXCURSION BOAT

"ALL ABOARD FOR ARARAT!"

NOT IN HIS POWER.

**J**ANITOR OF SKYFLATS (*gruffly*): What are you doing in the vestibule at this time of night? Are you one of the tenants?  
TOM DE WITT: No, I'm not! So you'd better be civil or I'll break your head.

A MISTAKE.

**H**AZEL: I see the officer on your block was struck by lightning last night.  
NUTTE: There is something wrong about that.  
HAZEL: Why?  
NUTTE: Our cook doesn't show any of the marks.



### THE RECRUDESCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

(With apologies to Dr. A. Conan Doyle.)



DO what I would on the day of my arrival in America I could not drive the thought of Sherlock Holmes out of my mind. Perhaps it was because every one of the reporters who came to interview me about my lecturing tour made enquiries about the great detective, and perhaps it was because I could not help thinking what a good thing it would be to have him with me to illustrate my personal recollections.

The more I thought it over the less likely it seemed that a man of Holmes's intellectual resources should injure himself—much less allow himself to be killed—by falling a few hundred feet over a cliff into the ocean. I remembered that he had once told me that he had made a special study of falling from high places, and that it was largely owing to his facility in this direction that he had made the celebrated capture, in 1879, of O'Rourke Hassan, who for centuries had been stealing the lead pipe from the northeast minaret of the Mosque of Vazir Khan, and for whose apprehension the municipality of Lahore had had a reward standing since the time of Akbar.

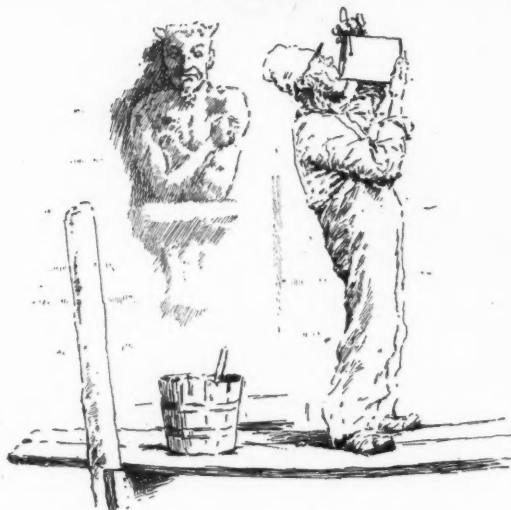
I was just dressing for dinner—a practice it seems that the Americans have imitated us in—at the club which I was making my residence in New York, when a servant knocked at the door and informed me that a gentleman who gave the name of the senior member of one of the leading firms of American publishers was waiting for me in the visitors' room. I was somewhat annoyed by the inopportune moment of his call, and perhaps I was a trifle brusque in my greeting, when, after keeping him waiting half an hour or so, I strode into the visitors' room, where sat a man wearing that expression of obsequious deference that is common to a publisher in the presence of an author.

"Ah, 'Dr.' Watson," said this person in a tone that was strangely familiar. "How did you enjoy your walk down Broadway this morning? And what do you think of the Stock Exchange? And how does the city look from the top of a 29-story building?"

I staggered and almost fainted. Indeed, I was compelled to lean upon the mantel for support, for my visitor was none other than Sherlock Holmes! He had sent up the name of the publisher in order to give me an all the more agreeable surprise. I will spare my readers the sentimental details of the proceedings immediately following this revelation. After I had again and again embraced the friend I had mourned as dead, and had made him repeat for the hundredth time the story of his marvelous rescue by a ship bound for China, whence he had reached New York that day, via San Francisco, I said:

"I suppose it was my manager who directed you to me here. And he told you of our stroll about the city this morning, did he?"

### THE POWER OF ALCOHOL.



"On the contrary," replied Sherlock Holmes, "I haven't spoken to another soul, except to give my cabman your address, and the servant here a wrong name, since I arrived in town, just about an hour ago."

"How on earth then," I exclaimed, "did you know that I had visited the Stock Exchange and gone up on the top of a building? But, of course, that is only clever conjecture, since this is the usual route for a stranger in New York on his first day. However, that does not explain how you came by my address!"

"Not exactly conjecture," said Holmes carelessly. "You were driven to this club from the steamship pier; and, after remaining here for about an hour, you went out with two other men; walked down Broadway to Wall street; spent half an hour in the gallery of the Stock Exchange; walked back to the *World* building and went up in the lift to the roof;





came to the club to luncheon and then went to your manager's office, where you were interviewed by a dozen newspaper reporters."

This had been exactly the programme of the day; and, accustomed as I was to Sherlock Holmes's miraculous power of drawing conclusions where apparently no premises exist, I was startled more than I care to admit.

"Tell me," I blurted, "by what course of reasoning you have acquired these facts."

"What have I told you," asked Holmes somewhat impatiently, "about deduction and analysis."

"But you have had no data to go on," I protested. "I am not even wearing the clothing I had on this morning."

"When I tell you how I became aware of your movements to-day," observed my friend with a laugh, "you will be astounded at your stupidity. Just think over what means there are of reaching the conclusion I have arrived at. Remember what I have told you before—that, when every possible theory is proved false, the impossible one, if it is the only one remaining, is the right one."

After fruitlessly racking my brains until it was too late to keep my dinner engagement I said:

"Since you tell me that you have had no conversation about my itinerary with anyone since your arrival in town an hour ago I confess that I can find no possible explanation for your knowledge of my movements during the day. For Heaven's sake do not keep me in suspense any longer. Tell me by what course of deduction and analysis you have drawn so accurate conclusions in this instance."

"I read it all in the afternoon papers," said Sherlock Holmes, yawning.

This contemptible trick I can never forgive. Sherlock Holmes is again dead to me. *Frank Marshall White.*

#### HE GOES ALONE.

"HAVE you seen any change in Waters since he signed the pledge?"

"Oh, yes; he has quit inviting me to go fishing with him."





BISHOP GULLEM VISITS THE



ITS THE JARDINS DE PARIS.



## APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL



LONG AGO IN THE LAND OF AH-SIN,  
THERE LIVED A REMARKABLE TWIN;  
SO ALIKE, THAT HIS MOTHER  
OFT HAD A GREAT BOTHER  
TO TELL HIM APART, WHEN HE'D GRIN.



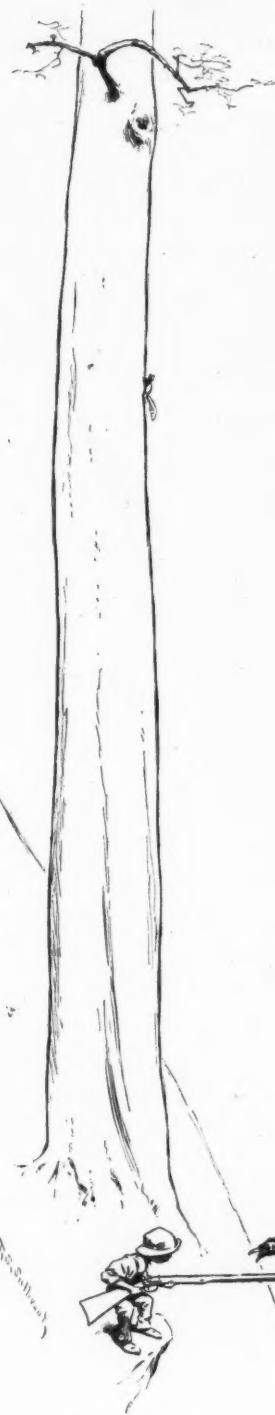
"A MILK WHITE FLAG."



ANDID confession is said to be good for the soul. It was with this in mind perhaps that Mr. Charles H. Hoyt made certain statements in the little speech which he delivered at the opening of the renovated Madison Square Theatre. Mr. Hoyt, it will be remembered, is the author of "A Midnight Bell," "A Temperance Town," and several other plays with similar titles. In stating the future policy of his theatre, he distinctly disavowed any intention of trying to give the public anything it did not want; his sole desire was to attract, and he should not try to educate.

Mr. Hoyt has the reputation of having made much money from the production of his plays. His abhorrence of using the stage as an educational factor has to his mind aided him in material ways, and he "points with pride" to his intention not to try to educate. There is in making this announcement, perhaps more honesty than good taste or good judgment. New York audiences—whether they are or not—think they are intelligent, and Mr. Hoyt's statement seems rather a reflection on this belief. But with all his avowals we do not think Mr. Hoyt can get away from doing a little educating even if his sole ambition is to make his plays pay. There are few stage productions that do not educate either up or down.

No matter how funny Mr. Hoyt's pieces may be, nor how much money they may in consequence make, if they are coarse or vulgar their tendency will be to coarsen and vulgarize the people who witness them. For this Mr. Hoyt can not by any avowals escape his share of the responsibility. If their humor is refined, and the satire well directed, the result is wholesome and beneficial, and Mr. Hoyt can hardly escape credit for it whether he deserves it or not. The less intelligent the audience the greater these effects, and Mr. Hoyt only enlarges his responsibilities by bidding for the public that does not care to be educated. Fortunately Mr. Hoyt builds perhaps better than he knows. His fun is clean, and an innocent laugh is good and health-producing. In his earlier plays he has given us some excellently drawn pictures of American types and phases of life.



"RUN HOME, MIKE, AN' GIT THER BIRD  
CAGE. IT'S A UNCONDITIONAL SURREN-  
DER."



Reginald Montmorency: DEAR ME. NOT A BIT LIKE IT. ALLOW ME—

"A Milk White Flag" falls pretty fairly within the author's resolution to teach no lesson. And yet the satire on the soldier, who is a soldier for uniform only, is not entirely without value. The satire carries with it a lot of fun, or the fun carries considerable satire, as the case may be, and the "Ransome Guards" have some reason for their existence other than to supply drinks *ad lib* for their members or box-office receipts for Mr. Hoyt.

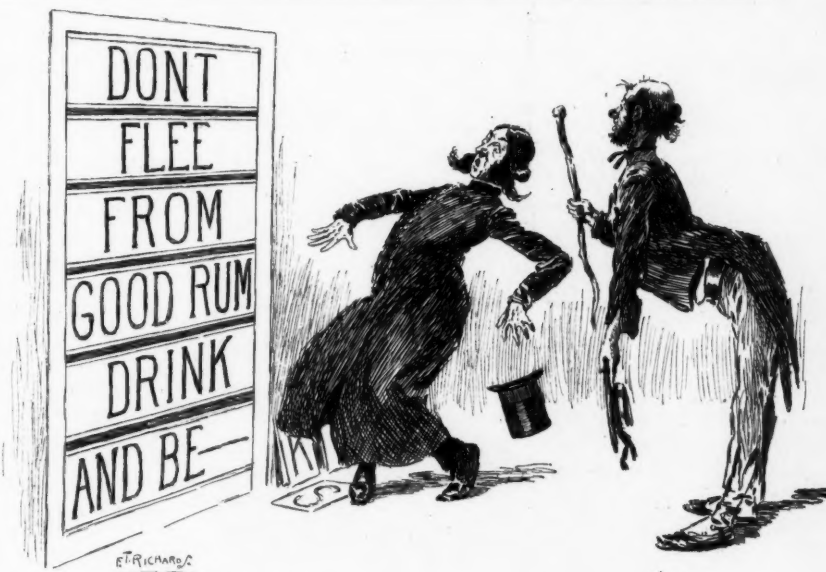
This play, like "A Trip to Chinatown," is intended principally as a skeleton on which to hang a lot of vaudeville features. These are distinctly inferior to the similar productions in the other piece. There are few of the musical numbers or specialties that are worthy of comment. The least endurable is that perennial whistling bore who has afflicted New York so long. The one of most pronounced merit in the song, "English as you see it on Broadway," and this because it possesses something of the very educational tendency that Mr. Hoyt despises. The company is not brilliant, but is fairly competent to the author's aims. Isabelle Coe, as *Aurora Luce*, the widow, has some amateurish tendencies in action and delivery, fully meets the requirements of the leading female rôle. Mr. Charles Stanley, as *The Colonel*, makes up for Napoleon Buonaparte successfully,

and does his full share towards injecting fun and active energy into the piece.

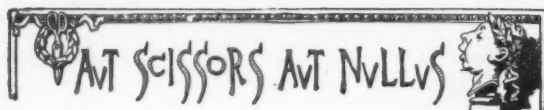
"A Milk White Flag" is a farce-comedy of more than average merit and produced under more than average chances for a run. If it meets with large or small success will enable us to judge with some accuracy whether this form of stage entertainment still holds its place in the affections of New York theatre-goers.

THE legal right to hiss is again under discussion. A decision by one of New York's police justices has just reaffirmed the right which sets a daily newspaper to work to find out the opinions of various theatrical managers on the subject. Naturally the balance of this opinion is against the right, and its expression gives occasion for the usual comparison between snakes and hissers, and for avowed intentions forcibly

to eject hissers from theatres. LIFE holds that the permission to applaud carries with it the right to hiss, and would like to see some courageous and litigious person exercise the latter in the theatre of some manager who talks the braggadocio of expulsion by the aid of the superior physical force at his command. It seems to LIFE that very pretty damages would lay, also that the more general exercise of the right might not be a bad thing for the art of acting.



"DERE, ME FRIEND, DERE'S SOMETHING WHAT APPEALS TO DER MASSES."



A FEW weeks ago one of the dealers at the Fulton Market engaged a young woman to fill the position of bookkeeper. Before long he noticed that whenever a customer went up to the desk to pay she was found to be deeply absorbed in a book.

"She's reading a novel," thought the dealer. But day after day went by and the book appeared to hold her attention as absorbingly as ever. The young woman's habit of reading annoyed customers, who did not like to be kept waiting for their change. So the dealer decided to speak to her about it.

"See here, Miss Blank," he began, "I don't like to have you read novels during business hours."

The young woman looked up in astonishment.

"I am not reading a novel," she replied. "I never do read them."

"Then what is that book you keep your eyes on all the time?"

"Why, it's Euclid."

"And who wrote it?"

Then the young woman, in a streak of great compassion, explained that she was studying geometry.

"And do you keep that sort of thing up all the time?" her employer demanded.

"Certainly, sir."

"Miss Blank, I don't believe a young lady of your tastes will suit me for a book-keeper. Heaven, or Boston, is your home."—*New York Journal*.

I NOTICE that monetary institutions have a habit of hanging out a notice when they close their doors for the night or on holidays informing the public that the bank is closed. Why do they do it? When a person starts to enter a bank and finds the door bolted and barred it gradually dawns upon even the most untutored mind that the bank is closed. I lay no claim to smartness; indeed it has been an open secret in our family ever since I was four years of age that I would never amount to anything in particular, yet when I essay to go into a bank and find the door locked it occurs to me at once that the bank is closed. I do not borrow a length of railroad iron and attempt to force the door open under the impression that the cashier is asleep. I go and try to borrow the money somewhere else.—*Gypsum City Advocate*.

"THAT'S too bad! My wife has gone and put my handkerchief in the wash, and I am positive that I had tied a knot in it to remind me of something!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Irritations  
of the  
**SKIN and SCALP**  
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*Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.*

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CAUTIOUS people are sometimes too cautious. The story of a man who considered seriously for a week whether it would be wise for him to pay \$500 for a lot, and after deciding in the affirmative learned from the real estate man in a more careful conversation that it was \$500 per front foot, is a case in point.

A few days ago a stranger, while passing a haberdasher's store, was attracted by a display of shirts, which were further distinguished by a placard on which was printed the legend, "These are 75 cents." It happened that in the same case were a few silk umbrellas, which command about \$6 each on a pleasant day, with a slight tendency to rise if clouds gather. The pedestrian gazed long and earnestly into the window; then he wandered away, only to return soon and gaze again. This was repeated several times.

Finally he entered the store and asked to look at the umbrellas. One was brought out and he opened and examined it with the utmost care. It seemed to suit him exactly, and he turned to the proprietor and remarked, "I'll give you an even sixty cents for it." The proprietor evidently didn't think he understood aright, for he leaned forward and said, "What?" The stranger again informed him, "I'll give you an even sixty cents for the umbrella." The proprietor was dazed. Then he began to recover.

"How much do you think it costs?" he inquired.

"Seventy-five cents."

"And have you been debating all this time whether you would give that amount for a silk umbrella?"

The stranger said he had.

The proprietor led him gently but firmly to the door. "My friend," he said tenderly, "you are too far from home, and you'd better scoot before some hungry car horse gets a chance to nibble at you and makes a funeral of you before the mistake is discovered."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press*.

PEACEMAKER: Laura, haven't you and Irene kissed and made up yet?

LAURA: Oh, yes. That is, we kissed. She was already made up.—*Ex*.

THE night clerk at Ocean View Hotel, Block Island, was dozing in his chair a few nights ago and was startled by what he afterward remarked seemed to him to be a regiment of soldiers coming down stairs.

"I'll be goldurned if this ain't the worst place I've ever struck."

"What's the matter now?" asked the clerk who, by the way, has had considerable experience with the same kind of people.

"Well, by gosh, there's the durndest smell up in that room of mine that beats any old sewer I ever smelled. I've been trying to sleep for some time, but it seems to be getting worse all the while."

After several suggestions as to what might be the cause, the clerk intimated that the gas might possibly be leaking.

"Not by a darn sight," replied the granger; "that can't be the cause, for I blew that out an hour ago."—*Norwich Bulletin*.

## DRESS GOODS. THE PERFORATED NOVELTIES.

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The sagacity which has always characterized the  
management of the great business interests rep-  
resented by the house of Tiffany & Co., has in-  
variably come conspicuously into the foreground  
whenever a great commercial crisis or other  
momentous period has called for the exercise of  
prompt and sound judgment; and nothing better  
serves to illustrate this than the firm's recent  
announcements in connection with the changes  
effected by the new tariff.

Anticipating the advance of duties on diamonds  
and precious stones, from ten to twenty-five per  
cent, the firm laid in a very large reserve stock of  
the gems, both cut and uncut, which represent the  
pick of the European markets. It will readily be  
seen what an advantage this foresight offers to the  
house; for they have promptly announced that  
until their large reserve stock of diamonds and  
precious stones—which will tide them over for  
many months—is disposed of, they will not  
advance any of their prices, but continue to sell at  
the same figures prevailing before the new Tariff  
Bill went into effect.

The house's position on the tariff question is  
well known, yet they were equally prompt in  
announcing reductions in prices, owing to the  
revision of the tariff, on their great stock of high-  
class pottery, glassware, clocks and bronzes, and  
other European novelties, which have all been  
remarked and reduced to conform with the lower  
duties as scheduled in the new tariff. In addition  
to these reductions, the house will make a greater  
display of new importations in their various  
departments this fall than they have shown at any  
previous season.—*New York Tribune.*

A CHICAGO man in Lexington, soon after Garfield's  
death, was talking of the bungling of the surgeons,  
when one of the Kentuckians present remonstrated  
against the terrible treatment and its results. "Well,  
a Kentucky surgeon would have done no better,"  
said the Chicagoan. "You are right, sah," replied  
the other; "Kentucky surgeons know nothing about  
treating wounds in the back, sah."—*Argonaut.*


MILHAU'S CALISAYA: Old reliable tonic and appe-  
tizer. Taken at meals it restores appetite and  
strength. 6 bottles, \$4.50. 183 Broadway.—*Adv.*



### THOSE RIDING TROUSERS.

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"OH, I STOLE 'EM LAS' NIGHT. THINK THEY MUST O' BELONGED TER A CHICKEN THIEF."



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